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The last meeting of the present L. Imp. Board for this district met on Monday in the Presbyterian hall. Much business was transacted.

Municipal election matters are very quiet, both in the village and district. Some rumors are afloat, but at present the dark horses are keeping well in the back ground.

Mr. E. S. Elves expects to leave here for Winnipeg on Thursday, where he joins his parents for Christmas, and then accompanies them home to Southampton, Ont. for new year's.

By the way the children are practicing what we shall expect some thing pretty good at the Christmas night entertainment. If past entertainments are anything to go by, this next one will be a record-breaker, so don't miss it.

At the week night session of the Bible Class, the studies in the Book of Ruth were begun. These will continue for a couple of weeks, when any subject suggested will be used. Last week the special committee put on a debate, viz., "Resolved, that the cash on hand is better than the credit system." The negative side won. Those for cash were Messrs Johnson and Bradley, and for credit Messrs. Barnes and J. Elves. This week, Mr. Sanson, Inspector of Schools, will lecture, and all who have anything to suggest for the improvement of the school system in this district are asked to come and state their case.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Eversman and family left last week for a visit to their old home at Burlington, Iowa, U.S., which, we trust, they will enjoy. Mr. Eversman is amongst Cayley's largest farmers, being owner of the old Ross ranch comprising five sections, about 12 miles east of Cayley. The present fall has threshed over 40,000 bushels of wheat and oats which graded a good standard. He also owns a very fine bunch of horses and cattle. It is a very notable sight these days to see his three four-horse teams drawing grain to town in large tanks each holding over 240 bushels of oats which weigh from 45 to 48 lbs. to the bushel. Mr. Eversman is certainly making good again this year.

McMokin & Scrage have just put in their store a very handsome silent salesman.

Mrs. (Dr.) Brown and little daughter is on a trip to her old home at Kingsmill, Kent Co. Ont.

Program for the Bible Class on Thursday night will be as follows:

Dances open at 7 o'clock, checks etc. 7:30 to 8:30 choir practice; 8:30 study of Book of Ruth; 9 to 10 lecture on Education by Mr. Sanson, and discussion by the audience.

The application for the transfer of the license of the Cayley hotel from C. W. Kenna to W. A. Bourdon comes up before the license commissioners at Calgary on Friday, the 2nd inst. There seems to be considerable opposition locally to this transfer, and both sides are working hard for and against.

The sermon subjects in the Presbyterian hall on Sunday will be as follows: At 11 a.m. "The Christian's Ideal;" at 7:30 p.m. "Why Give Gifts?" The Bible School subject at 10:15 is, "Rebuking and Encouraging Israel," Malachi, 3, 7-18. The Bible school subject for next year is the Life of Christ, according to the synoptic gospels. Anyone who has anything on the Life of Christ should get it out and begin to get ready for this most interesting series of lessons.

you kep' your children. I was just about to come to your house when I met you. I was desper- ate. Miz Laswell's been kind as kin be, lettin' me keep 'er out. Of course, it's to come out of my wages. But she's been after me to find a place for 'em. The lambs ain't no trouble, but—well, anyway, she wants me to find a place for 'em. An' I thank God I done it. About money, Miz Laswell, could you tell me till the scath? My wages ain't up then. That's eleven days."

"The sooth will do," said Mrs. Bergen.

"Then I'll bring the young ones to-night, an' thank you again, ma'am."

Mrs. Bergen was unthankful herself. The \$20 would solve some problems for her. She hated to break the news to Mr. Bergen. When a man has been ill for three months with inflammatory rheumatism; chafing at the enforced idleness, wincing at the noise of his own children, it is a little awkward to announce the arrival of two more. But at last she told him, presenting the case as diplomatically as possible.

"It's a godsend to her and to me both," she said. "She's come all the way from Misericure to meet her husband an' lost his trail somewheres. She's a frail creature, an' she's gone to service at Laswell's. She's got a good place there, that's one thing. She was so relieved I'd tell 'em. Kitty Muller spoke up about me. She remembered me takin' the trench young ones four years ago, when their mother died."

She paused, but Mr. Bergen did not speak.

"But glad as I am for her, Cyrus, I'm a heap gladder for us. Little Cy's that keen on a velocipede, you wouldn't believe! He can't talk nothing else. He wants one like the Jones boy—rubber tired, spring seat an' all. They're \$5. I priced 'em, though I hadn't no hopes of getting one. An' Myrtle—bless her!—her son an' she eat up another five. That leaves ten to pay the grocer an' everything else can wait. Thank God we'll have a merry Christmas after all."

Mr. Bergen did not take it as she had feared. He seemed as thankful as she.

"I'll take you over till I'm better," he said. "I've lain here a-thinking of Christmas till I thought I should go mad. They've always had such a lot of things that they wouldn't know what to make of Santa Claus cutting 'em down."

That night the strangers came, a boy and girl, another little "pig-on-pair," as Mr. Bergen said. They were shy at first, but soon became at home. They were good children. Mrs. Bergen's busy

hands were not much busier than before. And the thought of the big \$20, coming just five days before Christmas, would have made her willing to "work her fingers to the bone," as she expressed it.

The days fairly flew, as the days before the holidays have a habit of doing. The 20th came around and promptly in the evening the little mother appeared. Tightly clasped in her hand was the talker which had opened a stranger's doors. She passed it over.

"That's what sheered 'o' losin' it," she said, "that I couldn't bear it out of my hand."

Mrs. Bergen smiled. "I expect that's how I'll feel about it," she said. And she did. She changed his hiding place again and again that night, thinking at every sound a robber had scented her secreted wealth.

The next night, as they sat around the fire, she had the children tell once more their wishes for Santa Claus. She was oblivious to the fact that two more eager-eyed listeners heard the Christmas tales and wishes, till a small voice piped up, "U's won't get nothin' from Santa Claus this year, mother says, cause she got to tell him where we lives."

"Nothing?" Mrs. Bergen echoed.

The small boy squared his shoulders and came forward into the light.

"Me and Daisy don't care. Mother'll tell him next Christmas."

And thus was little drop of bitterness thrust into Mrs. Bergen's small cup of joy. It hurt. The brave little voice, with its hint of restrained tears, came to her again and again. It rang in her ears in the day and in the night. Yet it never drowned that other and dearer voice, "Tell him, ma, a velocipede like Billy Jones"—just like it, with rubber tires."

She made list after list. The money would go only so far. The grocer's payment could not be curtailed. The Christmas supplies, even the turkey, were to come from him. Ten for the grocer, five for the velocipede. That left five. Two and a half more were for Myrtle's doll and dishes. And the rest—she hugged the thought to her heart—was to buy the books which would lighten Mr. Bergen's weary hours. There was nothing she could do. She felt it the day before Christmas even, when she bade the children good-bye and left a neighbor's girl in charge. No, there was nothing she could do. They expected nothing; they would not be disappointed. "U's won't hang up no stocks," the little boy had explained.

She tried to shake the thought off as she walked along, but it clung to her. Even when she found herself in the toy shop with all its wealth or toys, the insistent little voice whispered pathetically in her ear, "U's won't get nothin' from Santa Claus this year."

But, all of a sudden, with a rush of joy, it came to her that they would; that four little full stockings would hang by the fireplace Christmas eve; that, share and share alike, even as if they were her own, the money should be spent. And the care and worry left from her a garment that is old. The ghost of the sad little voice was laid. In its place she seemed to hear many voices singing the old, old song that the shepherd heard, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

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